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Tonsorial Artist,

Island Pond House. Cutting children's hair and honing razors a specialty. Bay rum for every customer.

AUCTIONEER,

ISLAND POND, VT.

Mr. Beneft takes pleasure in announcing to people of Essex and Coos Counties that he

The wisdom of the German postal an telegraph authorities in determining to connect Berlin with the chief cities of the empire by means of a system of underground telegraph wires, has been fully confirmed during the severe weather recently prevailing. While tho violent storms of wind and snow have in many districts been the cause of constant stoppages in the telegraphic communication between places connected by overground wires, the traffic between towns connected by subterranean lines has gone on through the worst weather without the least interruption or inconvenience. A considerable extension of the underground system is looked upon as probable both in Germany and

"Embroidered crash is much used for piano covers," says a fushion exchange. That makes a terrible sameness about the instrument. - Boston Post.



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1880.

My Loss.

Day after day, while at my window sitting, I see the children at their play near by; Like butterflies in summer gardens flitting,

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They hover round beneath my watchful eye. The little girls, with flushed and merry faces, Glance at me shyly for my answering smile, And tempt me with their most alluring graces To put sad thoughts away while they be-

Blonde bair and brown in soft confusion blend-

Black eyes and blue upturned to meet my

Roses both white and pink their contrast lending,

To add new beauty to the 'wildering maze. But when they one by one, tired out with

Steal slowly homeward through the sunset

Memory goes back beyond the dark years, straying

Among the days of yore that seem so bright I turn my head, a radiant, golden splendor

Shines from the west across the pictured wall. And glorifies a face divinely tender,

With bronze-brown hair waved round it fall on fall;

With violet eyes so winsome in their sweet-That mine grow smiling spite of grief and

With curved lips, the seal of love's complete-

Oh, Heaven' could I but press them once

In vain I watch and wait, she will come only When night has cast her spell on sea and Then when I sleep and dream, no longer

She comes to feed my hungry heart once

Tis then and only then that I behold her; Her dear voice floats around me soft and

Tis then, and only then, my arms enfold her, The little girl I lost so long ago. -Boston Transcript.

ALMOST TOO LATE.

"I am going now, Helen." ment-house in New York, which he called "home." It was not the wedded home he had dreamed of twelve years before, when he uttered the "Valedictory" at Yale, when Helen Gordon blushed and smited at the applause that

greeted his appearance on the stage. Nor was that crouching figure beside the window, in the untidy print dress, with the pretty sullen face, and the uncombed golden hair, much like the graceful belle, of whose company he had been so proud. so happy to monopolize, upon that

golden day. His wife looked up and caught the expression of pitying regret apon his dark and handsome face. Her heart was full of angry rebellion against her fate, herself, against him - almost

against God!
"Why do you look at me like that?" she said, peevishly. "I know that the room has not been swept, and that I have not made my toilet for the day. My toilet," she laughed bitterly. "When shall I make a toilet again, I wonder? I once set the fashion in New Haven! Who would believe it now! And, oh, to think-only to think what my life might have been, if I had been wise."

Her husband's face darkened all over. "I understand!" he exclaimed.
"You mean if you had married Paul Hayden instead of me."

"How can I help such thoughts?] saw his wife early yesterday morning when I was out. She was driving to the railway station on her way to their country house for the summer. I heard the footman say so to some one when he went to buy the tickets for her. And, oh, what a difference there was be-tween us two! No wonder she has kept her beauty. No wonder I have lost mine! Beauty and health, and youth and happiness, they are all going away

from me, because we are so poor! "Better days may be coming, love," said the husband, after a pause. " have heard of a good situation this time, you know. If I get it, it will be a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich, you know well, my darling, that I shall

efuse you nothing." "You have thought so many times that better days were close at hand. And every time you have been disap-pointed, and we have lived on the same horrible life." was the discouraging re-

"I know, my dearest; but this is really good news, I trust and hope. If you will only kiss me and wish me good luck, I have faith that it will

He bent down, his dark eyes wistfully happy days of courtship. But love, so far as she was concerned, he sometimes this home when poverty entered. The heat, the dust, the discordant streetcries without, the sheller discordant streetcries without, the shabby, disordered room within, the general sense of her own untidiness, and the galling memory of the freshly beautiful summer costume worn by the wife of Paul Hayden, as she lounged in her carriage on the previous day—all these things combined to banish the affectionate glance for which the husband's heart so vainly hungered. and to make the wife's parting kiss so cold and formal that it lingered like ice upon the young man's lips as he turned

He said nothing. But the deep sigh, that seemed to come from the very depths of a tried and overladen heart,

silently reproached her. She caught a last glimpse of his face as he closed the door. It wore a look of repressed sorrow that would haunt her to her dying day. What evil spirit had tempted her to try him so? Was it his fault that, by the sudden failure of a bank in the great "panic." the savings of years of steady toil had been lost in a moment? Had he not abored faithfully ever since for her support? For her ungrateful sake, had he not stooped even to menial toil, when no other employment could be procured.
And now she had sent him from her,
uncheered by a look or word of fondness.

What if some accident should happen to happy after this. I have found a good the train by which he was to travel? place, I shall have a good salary, and the train by which he was to travel? What if he should never return?

For a moment she sat dumb, almost paralyzed by the shock of that idea. Then she sprang from her chair and rushed to the door. She would call him back, and ask him to forgive that care-

less, cruel parting. She was too late. He was already in the street. A moment later she heard the shrill whistle of the train. He was

The day passed on sadly enough. Thought after thought came crowding They bore their fruit.

Archer's departure his home wore a very different aspect. By nightfall the one room was trim and clean as willing hands could make it. Before the clean windows a pair of snowy mu-lin curtains were drawn. The stoveshone like a mirror, and from its open front a bright welcome to the absent master flashed out, flooding the very walls and light. In less than an hour after Charles side of Paradise. with warmth and light.

And summer evening though it was, both light and warmth were needed. At sunset angry clouds rose in the south, and the rain came sharply down, with an accompanying wind that knew little of its own mind, and veered sharply round continually from south to east. Amid the wailing wind and dropping rain Helen Archer worked steadily on. At nine o'clock the train which was to bring her husband home was due. Her last task was finished, when she dished up his favorite viands and set them, covered over with a basin, upon

the hearth to keep warm. She leaned from the window, looking out, through wind and rain, for some sign of his home-coming. She wore the dress he liked best. Her hair was arranged in his favorite fashion of braids and curls. She had kissed him coldly as he left her, but now, with her heart upon her lips, she waited to welcome him back, even if he returned as unsuccessful as he went. What did that matter, she thought, as she glanced at the window of her opposite neighbor, who had been left a widow only one short Minstrel."

month ago,
"Only let him return to me safely,
and I will make amends for all," she half thought, half prayed, as memory recalled the countless times in which she had grieved him during the past half year.

Nine o'clock came and passed, yet she did not hear the usual whistle of the incoming train. Half-past nine and yet no footstep on the stairs! Her heart lay like a leaden weight in

her bosom. The color faded from her lips and cheeks, and her blue eyes grew Charles Archer stood at the door of the one room high up in a noisy tene-She left her room and ran down the stairs, with a half-formed purpose in Shakespeare. her mind of inquiring at the neighbor ng station about the laggard train.

Dimly, in the darkness, she saw crowd of people gathered at the outer door of the tenement-house. They were all talking confusedly, but now and then some words broke pla nly through the medley of sound.
"His poor wife!" said one voice.

"how is she going to bear it, I wonder. It is well for her that she has no little ones to look after. She is nothing more than a child herself, anyway.

"Make way there!" said some one outside. "We must carry the body upstairs. Which room is it! And some woman ought to go up before us and tell the wife.

The crowd surged and parted. Be tween the ranks, six men came steadily on ward, following a policeman. Helen knew him well, and when he looked up the staircase, and saw the slight figure bending forward and the pale face full of a fixed and settled horror, he turned again to the crowd, and called out: One of you women come up here

to break the news. And take her away," he added, in a lower voice; "it is no

Good-natured Bridget McCarthy came forward, and ran up the stairs to where Helen stood.

"You'll come back in o your room wid me, my darlint," she said, putting her strong arms around Helen's slender waist. "Sure it'll destroy you intirely to look on at the likes of that!" "Bridget, is he dead?" asked the pale

lips, pitifully.
"Sorry I am to say that he is! It was
the train, my dear. Of the track, they from below.

Helen fell senseiess at the Irishwoman's feet. Halfan hour later she struggled slowly back to life and loneliness again. She opened her eyes to find herself lying on her own bed, with the kind old doctor of the neighborhood bending over her

with rather an anxious face. "We shall do nicely now," he said. making a warning gesture to some one in the background. Helen gave a great sigh as he took her

"Oh, why did you bring me back, doctor? I have driven my husband away to his death, and I hoped I could die, too. I blamed him because we were so poor, doctor, and I would scarcely kiss him when he went away searching hers for one glance of love, such as he had so often seen there in the such as he had so often seen there in the but love, so when I had resolved to try to be a between I had ter wite, God has taken him away from

> my dear?" asked the doctor.
> "Oh, I saw them bringing him up the stairs. And I heard them talking about

"Not about you, my dear, but about poor little Mrs. Gray, who lives in the room at the back. Her husband was badly hurt on the train when it ran off the track this evening. We thought he was dead at first. But since then he has revived, and I feel sure that, by God's mercy, he will recover before long."
"But where is my husband, then?

cried Helen, starting up. "God has been very good to you, too, my dear," said the old physician. "Is healive? Where is he? Oh, tell me!" her every gesture struggling between hope and fear.

The doctor stepped back. From a dark corner of the room a tall figure rushed forward and clasped the wondering, weeping wife in a close embrace.

"Is it you? Oh, is it really you?"
she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"Oh, Charles, I have been so miserable

since you went away! How could I treat you so? You never never can forgive me or love me again!"

"As if I could help loving you as long as I live, Helen! And you shall be so long long long forgive me or love me again!"

Very taking—Colds. Very glad—The druggists. The very best remedy—Dr. Bull's Gough Syrup.

Anecdotes of a Great Business Man.

The New York Mercantile Journal to-morrow, if you are well enough, we will take a trip into the country to-gether and find some pretty little cottage, where you can amuse yourself all from thearticle: through this beautiful summer among

the birds and flowers." "I don't want a cottage. I want nothing but you, Charles, and now God has given you back to me, that will be enough to make me happy," said his wife, giving him the tender kiss which she had refused him that morning.

Nevertheless the cottage was taken, into her mind to unsettle and reprove and the summer was as happy a time as mortals may ever hope to enjoy this

> lacked the look of true and perfect happiness that Helen's wore.

Helen caught the somewhat anxious look that her husband turned upon her, as the great lady drove slowly by.
She smiled. Under cover of her pretty silken shawl her hand stole into

Never for one moment had she forgotten the lesson of that long-past summer's day! Never had she ceased from hanking God that it had been given, lthough it came "Almost too Late."

Single Song Singers. The Christian at Work publishes a list

of names saved from oblivion by single 1. Thomas Gray, 1716-1771. "Elegy ritten in a Country Churchyard." "Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands. I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory."—Lord Byron.

2. William Falconer, 1730-1769. "The Shipwreck.

3. James Beattie, 1735-1803. "The Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740– 778. "Rock of Ages."
 Robert Bloomfield, 1766–1823. "The

Farmer's Boy."
6. Charles Wolfe, 1791-1823. "Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore." Pronounced by Lord Byron "the most perfect ode in the language. . Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795-1820. Culprit Fay."

" Marco Hallock. 8. Fitz-Greene Bozzaris. 9 Samuel Woodworth, 1785-1842. Old Oaken Bucket." 10. George P. Morris. "Woodman, spare that Tree. 11. Charles Sprague. "Ode on

12. Richard Henry Wilde, 1847. "My ate is Like a Summer Rose. 13. Edward C Pinkney. "I Fill a up to One Made Up." etc. 14. Richard Henry Dana, 1789-1879. Buccaneer,

 Francis Scott Key, 1790-1843 Star-Spangled Banner." 16. Rouget de Lisle. "La Marseillaise. 17. John Howard Payne, 1792-1852. Home, Sweet Home. 18. David Everett, 1769-1813. "You'

Scarce Expect One of My Age." 19. Reginald Heber, 1783-1826, "Fron reenland's Icy Mountains."
20. Julia Ward Howe, 1819. Hymn of the Republic. 21. William Allen Butler. "Noth ing to Wear."

22. Bret Harte. "Heathen Chince 23. Emma Willard. "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep."

24. W. W. Story. "Cleopatra."

25. H. H. Brownell. "River Fight."

26. Thomas Dunn English. 27. Clement C. Moore. "The visit of Santa Claus. 28. Joseph Hopkinson,

Hail Columbia! happy land!"

Who Takes Care of the Sultan. The revelations of M. Abdul-Hakk, a writer in the Nouvelle Review, resemble the stories of "Thousand and One Nights," and one might be easily tempted to disbelieve the existence of such a state of affairs at the doors of European civilization if the details furnished by the writer were not supported by the undeniable proofs of truth-He tells us that the sultan is fulness. say, and ten strong men killed outright surrounded by hundreds of young beside him that they are bringing up women; he employs for what the writer terms his "family service" a body of forty young women, selected carefully from among the handsomest in the palace. The duties they have to perform are to dress and undress him, to accompany him to the bath, to keep his hair and finger nails in order and full him to sleep. He keeps a ballet of fifty girls, who perform several dances every evening after supper while his highness is resting on a divan. He also has a band of thirty female musicians and about sixty others who take charge of his apartments, clean his narghiles and chi-bouques, and perform other similar duties. In short, the whole service in the palace is done by female slaves, chosen rom among the most attractive ones in his dominions, and it may well be said that Turkey, which does not recognize the social existence of a woman, submits to being practically governed by women.

Sad Result of a Practical Joke.

Brooks Gould was perhaps the most opular young man in Chicago. General J. M. Waite, a middle-aged man of the same disposition, set Gould down as his first friend and the two were to-gether a great deal. When they entered he apartments of the general on a Saturday afternoon not long ago, Gould. had about him the dash and sparkle of Mercutio, proposed that they should disarrange the furniture to make the negro servant, Joe, fancy that the rooms had been robbed. The joke was carried out. Valuables were removed, the bed overturned and things put topsy turvy a la burglar, the wags retiring to the bathroom at Joe's foot-fall in the hall-way. Joe reached the door and stood aghast. With mouth agape and eyes wide open he scrutinized in one look the innermost corners and then straightway walked to the door of the bathroom. This he found locked from within. He put his ear to the keyhole. Faint sounds of breathing reached him. He pulled out a revolver and instantly emptied every chamber into the panels of the door. General Waite felt his, young triend's body quiver at the first shot and threw his arms around him. Death fol-

prints a sketch of the life of David Leavi't, who died recently at the ripe age of cighty-nine years. We quote

The deceased was a prominent and esteemed merchant and banker, and had been intimately identified with the business interests of this city and Brooklyn for more than three-score years. Many of our most flourishing mercantile and financial institutions were either founded by him or are largely indebted to his active aid and timely counsels for their present prosperity. He was the founder, and for many years president, of the Brooklyn White Lead Company, one of the oldest and most extensive establishments of the kind in this country.

Mr. Leavitt was born at Bethlehem.

Litchfield county, Conn., August 29, 1791, and came to this city in the year 1813. He was employed as a clerk in a produce and commission house for several years, when, on obtaining his share of his father's estate, amounting to about \$10,000, he began business on his own account. At the outset of his career John Jacob Astor imported a cargo of tea, and Mr. Leavitt bought the entire lot. During the progress of the negotiations Mr. Astor asked his customer in broken English how he proposed to pay for it. Mr. Leavitt coolly drew from his pocket the required amount in notes drawn by Mr. Astor, which young Leavitt had bought up on the street. An instance of the pluck and energy which made Mr. Leavitt a successful merchant was shown before he was twenty-five years old, when the Colombian government, being engaged in a local war, authorized its agents in this country to build a vessel, which was also to be provided with its armament and equipment in this country. The agents were un-willing to fulfill the commission, and sought aid from other sources. Young Leavitt heard of the matter, and under-took the enterprise. He built the vessel and induced the United States government to assist him in its armament, and then assumed command of the ship. He sailed for the destined port, and arriving safely, received \$100,000 in the currency of the Colombian government and a draft on the city of London for \$100,000 more, a clear profit of \$100,000 as his recompense. Realizing that Spanish doubloons would be more easily negotiated in this city than Colombian currency, he stopped at Havana and made the exchange. His sagacity was duly rewarded, for on arriving at this port he found that a premium was being paid on Spanish doubloons, which netted him a considerable addition to his profits in the transaction.

Remarkable Trees.

The last treaty with the Cherokee Inlians was signed beneath a giant white orner, Oglethorpe, Ga.

is an elm that measures thirty-four feet nound the trunk. Its branches are hirty-four feet from the ground. A curious freak of nature can be seen near Eureka, Cal. It is in the shape of

a tree, seventy-five feet high, one portion of which is pine and the other fir. Many oaks in England are 800 to 1,000 ears old. The Newland oak is fortyseven feet six inches in girth. The Cowthorp, now more than 100 years in process of decay, still has a girth of

sixty feet. A peach tree in the garden of Mrs. Caleb Crow, of Hartford, Ky., is bearing a full grown pumpkin. The News says:
This tree bore none of its natural fruit this season; but nevertheless there hangs the healthy growing pumpkin, just as it had grown from the blossom to its present size, which is much larger than a man's head."

Not a rivulet can be found on the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canaries, yet there is a species of tree, the leaves of which are narrow and long, and continue green through the entire year. These trees are continually surrounded by a cloud which is condensed, and falling in drops keeps the cisterns placed under them constantly of one disappearance a day in the whole

The trunk of an old tree that resembles a block of plaster or cement may be seen on the grounds of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. An inscription at the root of the branches announces that the tree is the Acacia Virginensis spinosa of North America. It was brought to France in 1601 by Jean Robin, and was planted in the place it now occupies by Vespasian Robin, gardener to Louis XIII., in 1636. This tree, which is now 278 years old, formerly reached a great height, but its topmost branches withered and had to be cut off to obtain new shoots. All its branches are bound with iron and carefully stopped with a composition so that water cannot infiltrate into the trunk of the tree, as that would

Heart Disease. The cases of heart disease are far less common than is generally supposed, the heart being one of the toughest organs in the body. Still there are many cases, and they are of different kinds. There may be a paralysis of the nerves of the heart. When this occurs death is instantaneous. Angina pectoris not unfrequently terminates in this way. for excruciating pains exhaust nervous force as greatly as does excessive

pleasure. There may be what is called a fatty degeneracy of the heart, in which fat takes the place of the fibrous tissue, and sooner or later gives way under some

slight excitement.
Sometimes the walls of the heart be come quite thin at some point, and this, in connection with the general enlarge ment of the organ, renders it subject to more violent action, and it may suddenly burst on the quickening of that action. Such enlargements are often produced by violent and protracted exertions, as in boat-racing.

Or there may be a dilatation of a por-tion of an artery leading out from the heart; such dilatations are called aneurisms, and are attended with s loss of the elasticity of the heart and a thinning of the wails of the vessel. it may suddenly rupture, or, which is equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far as to prevent the outflow of the blood Every one even in health knows how quick and strongly any emotion what-ever acts upon the heart-knows from

The emmigration statistics for 1879 show that 175,589 persons landed at Cas-tle Garden, New York, of whom 135,070 were aliens, against 121,369 arrivals in 1878, of whom 75,347 were aliens. Germany sent the largest number of emi-grants in 1879, the total being 33,574; Ireland came next, with 22,624, and then England, with 21,555. France only sent 2,331. The labor bureau found em-ployment for 11,010 males and 5,517

TIMILY TOPICS.

NO. 2.

The Cuban planters evidently do not think they will lose their slaves for some time to come. They are confident the emancipation bill will not pass at this time, and owing to this feeling a spirit of confidence has sprung up among them of late, and it is said slaves readly com-mand \$500 in gold. It is whispered that what the Cuban planters pretend to toresee is the revival of Don Carlos pretensions in Spain and his possible success. They believe that his govern-ment would earnestly oppose any emancipation of their slaves.

The world's annual crop of cotton is now equal to twelve million bales of the average weight of American cotton. Of this quantity about five million bales are produced in the United States. Some statisticians reckon that the whole crop of the world could be raised on a section of Texas less than one-twelfth of its area, or could be divided between any two of the other principal cotton States without exhausting one-half of their good lands; or it could all raised on less than one-half the Indian Territory that is not yet occupied at all

Within the last few months the newspapers have been printing the statement that a man in Paris offers \$4,000 to anyone who will draw the annexed figure with a pen without lifting the pen from

Henry L. Carlton, a teamster of Stockten. Nev., saw this puzzle and tried to He worked at the thing for four months until at last he became vio-lently insane. Dr. McMecan, of Stockton, decided that Carlton was clean daft, and upon a certificate issued by him Carlton has been confined in the Esmeralda county asylum. An application of electricity to the

mouths of unruly horses promises to be more successful than even Rarey's method. A metallic conducting wire voted for Thomas Jefferson for Presiruns from a Clark magnet on the seat | dent, and for Samuel J. Tilden for the to the animal's wouth. No violent shock is given to benumb or alarm the horse, but the stight pricking sensation, At Wyoning, in Western New York, peculiar to electrical influence, surprises and subdues him. It was invented by M. Depuy, but the superintendent of the die at the same hour. They have com-Paris omnibus company brought it to public notice. An electric whip, to prevent rearing or turning suddenly, is another ingenious invention. We seem to be just learning the application of the wonderful power of electricity to daily life, although it has so long been tamed to serve us as a messenger.

Now and then a notorious case of lost boy or lost man excites the country, and people fall to wondering how it is possible, since telegraphs, newspapers and detectives have come into existence, that these mysterious disappearances can occur. The fact of the matter is, however, says the Philadelphia Times, that mysterious disappearances are occurring at the rate of something more than one a day. At the New York police headquarters alone, during the past year, more than three hundred cases have been reported of men and boys who have disappeared and of whom no trace whatever has been found. The majority of these lost ones belonged in New York or the immediate vicinity, thus making the average estimated rate country, an estimate very much within While these figures seem bounds. rather startling, there really is ground for surprise that they are not greater When we consider the dangers of great cities, the possibilty of dying unknown while upon a journey, and above all, the temptation that besets so many men to hide crime or indiscretion by slipping silently out of their accustomed places in society, the wonder is not that so many people but that so few people are

She Renewed.

One of the sanitary police was the other day wandering over a box full of dead cats in an alley off Seventh street, when he heard yells and the sounds of conflict in a house near by. As he entered the yard a man and woman burst open the side door and rolled down the steps in a heap, kicking and clawing with right good will.

"What is the trouble here?" asked the officer as he pulled them apart. "There, I'm glad you happened along!" exclaimed the man as he jumped 'The old woman and me have had a dispu'e for the last ten or fifteen years as to when Christopher Columbus discovered America. Maybe you know?"

"It was in 1492," replied the officer.
"Just what I said—just the date I
ad!" cried the husband as he danced had! around. "Now then, old woman, wil around. 'Never! "You won't?" "Not an inch! I said 1490, and I had our neck across the edge of the step

We agreed not to bite nor scratch, and I

prefer to renew the conflict rather than take a stranger's figures! Come into the house! The officer waited at the gate until he heard two chairs smashed down and a dozen yells, and he resumed his rounds with a growing conviction that Columbus would ultimately be two years ahead in that house.—Detroit Free Press.

Alphabet of Precious Stones.

With this alphabet any English word can be spelled out with precious and somi-precious stones. The list comprises just the letters of our alphabet: A—Amethyst; B—Beryl; C—Cat s-Eye; D—Diamond; E—Emerald; F—Felspar; G-Garnet; H-Hyacinthe; I-ldocrase; J-Jasper; K-Kyanite; l-Lapis-lazuli; M-Malachite; N-Natrolite; O-Opal or Onyx; P-Porphyry; Q-Quartz Agate; R-Ruby; S-Saphire; T-Turquoise; U-Ultramarine; V-Verd-Antique; W-Water-Sapphire; X-Xanahite; Z-Zircon. his own experience. In all diseases of the heart absolute self-control at all times is of the most urgent necessity. Without it life may cease at any mos-ment.—Youth's Compositors

The Essen County Herald JOB PRINTING

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BILLS OF FARE,
WINE CARDS,
LAW CASES AND
CIRCULARS,

Orders by mail was receive prompt attention W. H. BISHOP.

ISLAND POND, VT.

Longevity Notes. John Battle died in Montreal the other day, nged 112,

Address,

Robert Kidd, 105 years old, is the oldest man in Texas. Mary Fernay died in Little Valley,

N. Y., at the age of 105. Samuel Losey recently died in Pike township, Pa., aged 107.

Margaret McMahon died in Durham, England, in her 113th year.

Aunt Sarah Hicks, in the county hospital in Flatbush, L. I., is 104. Clara Clairs, of New Orleans, was burned to death at the age of 103.

himself in a pig-pen on a poor farm. Thurlow Weed saw the first steamboat and rode in the first steam railway train.

Luke Courville, 102 years old, hanged

A pupil in the Carsonville (Ga.) school is eighty-two years old. She is a negress. After living more than a century, a Michigan man committed suicide hanging.

Andrew Jung, ninety-three years old. of Columbia, Pa., served under the first Napoleon. Lucy Kurney, of Lansing, Mich., was

fifty-five years a slave and over sixty

years free. Rouns Kemp, ninety-six years old, of Galloway, Ky., married Mary Bridges, aged sixteen.

Over a century ago Ann Collins, of Paris, Ky., was born. She remembers Washington. Diana Dorsey, of Springfield, Florida, was supposed to be 115 years of age when she died.

Mary Donohue, whose grandfather died in his 121st year, recently died in New York aged 112. Peleg Sprague, of Maine, is ninety years old, and blind. He was a United States Senator in 1829. James Smith, of Somerset county, N.

J., now 109 years old, was sold as a slave thirty years ago for fifty cents.

Thomas Howe, of Barrington, N. H.,

lately made a marriage proposal to a lady eighty-five years old and fitteen years his junior. A negro died not long ago in New Haven, Conn., leaving a family of orphans from sixty to eighty years old.

The eleven daughters of the late Robert Johnson, of Middletown, Conn., are alive, the youngest over fifty years old, the oldest over eighty.
Armstrong Porter, of Luzerne, Pa.,
died last month aged ninety-eight. He

The father was 108.

of the wagon or carriage, through the reins to the horses' bits. By turning the crank of the magnet a bert, who is living at 26 Vine street, who is living at 26 Vine street, who is living at 26 Vine street. current of electricity is induced and sent | Baltimore, is in excellent health. She remembers the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and saw George Washington

A North Carolina couple, who are

each over ninety years of age, desire to

pleted their funeral outlit even to their tombstones. They live in Iredell Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Jewish banker, is in his ninety-seventh year. He served as sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1837, the year of the

A Discontented Baby's Diary. 1. January-Just born. Here's a lark! Papa does not seem very pleased, though. 1. February--Every night pa walks up

queen's accession to the throne, and was

knighted by her majesty that year.

and down the bedroom with me when I squeal. I always squeal. I must do something.
1. March—Nurse is a spiteful thing she sticks pins into a fellow on pur-

1. April-After all one may even weary of the bottle. May—I wish I could cut a tooth,
I'd bite nurse.
 June—What a nuisance it is to have relations who keep on saving "Ketchetty. ketchetty," and dig in your ribs with their foreingers. When I grow up I'll

do it to them, and see how they'll

1. July-There are three babies next door got the measles. I get nothing. It's awfully dull. 1. August-One of the babies from next door came in to see us to-day; and I heard ma say, "He hasn't got the meas'es now?" "No," said the babe's

Left 'em at home!

There's a greedy sneak for you.

1. September — Nurse drinks some-thing out of a black bottle. I've caught her at it. It isn't the same that is in my bottle, either. If I were a bit bigger I'd chairle 'em.

1. October—Blessed if this ain't a nice go, neither. Some one called to-day to see ma and pa, and they said it was uncle, and gave me to him to kiss. He didn't kiss me, though, with what you might call a good will. Then they asked him again, and then they gave me to him to nurse, and he pinched me.

and they say he belongs to our house; and they're not going to send him away. Don't even know how to feed himself out of the bottle. Well, of all-never mind. 1. December—Got to sleep in the same crib with him now! Wait till he goes to sleep; I'll give him such a oner!

Here's a beast of a baby! He won't go

1. November-This is worse than

ever. Why, here's another baby now,

to sleep, and not a soul in the same crib can get a blessed wink.—London Judy. Words of Wisdom. Hope is such a bait, it covers any

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body. All other knowledge is hurtful to nim who has not honesty and good nature.

Hatred is so durable and obstinate that reconciliation on a sick bed is a sign A merry heart doeth good like a

medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones. Circumstances form the character; but, like petrifying matters, they har-den while they form.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in very narrow compass. The universe is but one great city,

full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other. The beloved of the Alm ighty are th

rich who have the humilty of the poo-and the poorwho have the magnenius ity of the rich.

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